

Weymouth Gazette.

BRAintree REPORTER.

VOL. 12.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1878.

NO. 32.

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.

Terms:—Five Dollars a Year, in Advance.
Single Copy, Five Cents.

Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt
attention, and be neatly and correctly executed.

Business Cards.

Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Office Hours:—From 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.
Weymouth, from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M.

HAY and STRAW!

Bundle Hay and Straw

FOR SALE BY

JOS. LOUD & CO.,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. S. WILLIAMS,

Stock Broker.

U. S. SECURITIES, STOCKS &
BONDS.

Bought and sold on commission, in Boston, New
York and San Francisco. Money advanced on
stocks and bonds purchased. Office at
No. 100 Broadway, New York.

Basement Old State House,
BOSTON.

Don't Forget

B. F. Godwin,

HAIR DRESSER,

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.

W. I. JORDAN

DISPERSELY induces the public that he
is a competent hair dresser.

WILLIAM J. JORDAN,

SHAW ST., EAST BRAintree.

Services rendered by him at all hours of the
day and night. He is a competent hair dresser,
blacksmith work, horse shoeing, carriage work,
etc. A share of public patronage is solicited and
satisfaction guaranteed.

M. FRENCH, Jr.,

DEALER IN

STOVES, RANGES, CARPET

SWEETENERS, Etc.

THE ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.

Chester W. French,

CORNER OF JACOBSON ST. AND EAST WEYMOUTH.

Henry L. Thayer,

LIVERY, BOARDING & BAITING

STABLE,

Washington Square, WEYMOUTH.

HAY and STRAW

FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY on hand, first quality Hay and
Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
J. H. BAKER, JR.,
Weymouth, April 10, 1875.

VIOLENS

MADE AND REPAIRED BY

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,

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WEYMOUTH LANDING.

CHARLES Q. TIBBELL,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE 30 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON.

Prompt and careful attention paid to any kind of
legal business.

GEO. W. HERSEY,

Painter and Glazier,

Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue.

[Shop in Mrs. S. Baker's hall, near the corner
of Richmond Street.]

Weymouth Landing.

FORD & McCORMICK,

FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS,

AND

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

WASHINGTON SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Coffins, Caskets, Robes, &c.,

kept only on hand, and made to order. The most
elaborate and artistic designs in wood and metal
work, and the most beautiful and costly fabrics,
are used in the construction of these articles.
We have also on hand a large stock of
caskets, robes, and other funeral supplies,
which we sell at the lowest prices.

Weymouth, March 1875.

Weymouth & Braintree

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

OF WEYMOUTH.

Insures dwellings, and other buildings
not extra hazardous.

and the amounts, as far as any other
policy company.

Amount at Risk, April 1, 1877, \$1,000,000.

Amount of Assets, \$100,000.

N. L. WHITE, President.

ELIAS RICHMOND, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are now prepared to offer to the
public the

Largest, Most Complete and At-

tractive Stock of

Fall and Winter

OYERCOATS

AND

SUITS,

For Men,

For Youths,

For Boys,

For Children,

EVER EXHIBITED AT THE

OLD CORNER.

We would call particular attention to the
following:

Our stock FAR EXCEEDS in amount
that of any previous season, in

Seasonable Goods

And has been made up with the
GREATEST CARE, especially for
our retail trade, and we have not
the least hesitation in saying that for

Desirable Styles.

Superior Workmanship,

AND

Perfection of Fit,

It cannot be surpassed by any stock of

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Shown in Boston to-day. We do not
advertise LOW PRICES, unless we
MEAN LOW PRICES, and we mean
IT THIS SEASON most assuredly;
and those who may favor us with a
call, will find us as we advertise, away
down to the line.

BOTTOM PRICES,

Which HAVE ALWAYS ruled at the

'OLD CORNER,' thereby making
every garment sold by us a

GENUINE BARGAIN.

An inspection of our goods will readily
convince every one that it will be
for their pecuniary benefit to make
this season's clothing purchases at the
'OLD CORNER.'

N. B.—Our stock of Gent's Low and
Medium Priced

UNDERWEAR.

is complete, embracing all the desirable
weights and textures. We have
constantly on hand a full line of

Fashionable Neck Wear,

WHITE and FANCY SHIRTS,

Flymouth,

Buck and

Dog Skin

Driving Gloves,

—ALSO—

FINE CLOTH, CASTOR

& KID GLOVES,

For Dress and Street Wear, all of
which will be sold at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Call and examine the above
represented stock, and post yourself up in
prices before making your purchases.

DON'T FORGET THE

'OLD CORNER,'

Nos. 24 & 25,

DOCK SQUARE,

West end of Faneuil Hall.

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ELIAS RICHMOND, Secretary.

VEGETINE

WILL CURE RHEUMATISM.

MR. ALBERT CHURCHILL, the well known druggist,
and proprietor of the "Vegetine" medicine, writes
as follows: "I have been cured of my rheumatism by
using VEGETINE."

Read His Statement!

SPRINGFIELD, ME., Dec. 12, 1878.

Dear Sir:—I have been cured of my rheumatism by
using VEGETINE. I have been suffering from it for
three years, and it has been a great trial to me. I
have tried every remedy that I could get, but
nothing has done me any good. I have been
unable to do any work, and I have been
unable to sleep. I have been in great pain,
and I have been in great distress. I have
been in great need of a remedy, and I have
found it in VEGETINE. I have been cured of
my rheumatism by using VEGETINE. I have
been able to do my work, and I have been
able to sleep. I have been in great
ease, and I have been in great comfort. I
have been in great health, and I have been
in great happiness. I have been in great
gratitude to you for sending me VEGETINE.
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in great health, and I have been in great
happiness. I have been in great gratitude to
you for sending me VEGETINE. I have been
cured of my rheumatism by using VEGETINE.

And still the poor man, in his blind
placation, and I don't think that lock's
all right."

"Which lock, Lance?" said I.

"That drawer with the stumps,"

he said.

"Well, let us look again."

So saying, we both went to the counter
which contained the drawer, and Lance
pointed out some small scratches on the
lock, and a slight indentation in the
wood-work surrounding it.

"That's a chisel if I die for it!" said
the ex-policeman.

"You don't mean it?"

"Sure of it, sir."

"Well, let's have Bennett up stairs
and hear what he thinks of it."

Angry at being disturbed at his break,
and fast, the head porter came grumbling
down to the lock, impatiently inquired
if it was not a deal more likely the
rasher had scratched it in the course
of business. After a few minutes' fur-

ther inspection, he looked up with a
knowing smile.

"I believe Lance is right now; it looks
so fresh, I shouldn't wonder if the watch-
man knew something about this."

"Perhaps," said I; "what do you
think, Lance?"

"Well, he looks honest enough—but
looks a little queer," said the man
quietly.

"Then I'll stop in the bank to-night,
and see if I can trap my gentleman,"
exclaimed Lance, "if you'll leave me
the key."

"I can't do that," I replied, "but I
shall report the fact to the manager the
first thing in the morning."

"As you like, sir," he assented re-
luctantly, but he returned to their
long neglected meal.

I am afraid a tiny dose must have
ensued, as I was awakened by Bennett's
voice close to me asking what I would
take for luncheon. Mechanically I fixed
upon the hackneyed chop, and thor-
oughly enjoyed the repast, and when
an intensely slumberous sensation crept
through all my veins, my strongest
effort of will proved insufficient to keep
me awake. While I was still struggling
against the impulse, Lance came to in-
form me that he was going out to dine
at his home close by, but Bennett was
left on guard below. As he closed the
door behind him, my eyes shut, and I
fell asleep, but only in a few moments
I was awakened by Lance's voice
addressing me.

"I don't think I'll go out to dinner,
sir," said he, gazing at me with a strange
expression.

"Why not?" quoth I drowsily.

"Well, sir, I'd rather feel very bright
to-day, and I'd rather stop indoors;
and if you'd be so kind as not to men-
tion to Bennett as I've come back, but
you don't look very well yourself, sir,
just now?"

"Lance, that chop has made me
sleepy."

"Well, have a bit of a nap, sir. I'll
see the place is all right—only I don't
want Bennett to know I'm here."

"All right, all right," I replied, rather
shortly, for I wanted to be left to
myself; yet I was somewhat surprised
at his wish for concealment in so trivial a
matter.

Again I saw the man pass out and
partly close the door, and once more I
drifted into a heavy and pleasant slum-
ber, from which I was awakened by a
sharp pain, quickly glancing around,
I discovered Lance crouching down be-
side my chair, and vigorously applying
a pin to the calf of my leg. To this
preceding I was about to enter an in-
dignant protest, when a significant ges-
ture from him to remain quiet, and
I saw him write from an unopened ex-
cited face as he rose to his feet, and beck-
oned me to a small apartment in the wall,
used for the transmission of papers and
books between the managers and clerks,
bade me look upon a spectacle that had
made each individual but upon my
head stand erect. The drawer contain-
ing the stamps and gold was being tam-
pered with before my eyes in broad
daylight. Stopping down with his
back towards me, a man softly but
swiftly forcing the lock with a chisel.
But the man—the thief—who was I?
I knew at a glance that long lance
was Bennett. We both shrank
back.

"Take off your boots, sir," he whis-
pered in a low voice. I noticed that
his own feet were shoeless. "Creep
round outside the counter, and wait
till I give the word—then over and
help us."

I looked assent; and then I saw
Lance crawl out upon his hands and
knees into the office, behind the shel-
ter of a long high desk, at the end
of which he would be within a few feet
from Bennett. I crept away to the
other entrance of the manager's room,
which led into a large space appropri-
ated to the public, and gliding noise-
lessly along, I arrived where I knew I
must be opposite the thief at his work.

Very minutely did I examine and try
the drawer, which had already been
tampered with, as I knew it contained,
besides stamps, a large sum in gold and
notes. No—it seemed firm and safe,
and would take, "in a dead work," as
Bennett remarked, holding his taper
close to the lock. Lance too, had a
good look at it and expressed the same
sagacious opinion as his colleague.

I judged so, as the chisel still con-
tinued its grating work. Sometimes it
stopped for a moment, and then I knew
that the man was watching the door of
the manager's room, to see that I was
safe under the narrow administration
in my rat-hole. Click, click, click,
crunch! and the whole lock seemed to
come away, the drawer being at the
same time drawn softly open.

"Now," thought I, "here goes."

Not yet! I could hear the mellow
clink of the small bags of gold, as they
were hurriedly transferred to the man's
pockets; then the soft rustle of many
sheets of stamps told of a like destina-
tion. I listened breathlessly. Sudden-
ly there was a yell of mingled
fright and rage, and, vaulting at one
bound across the counter, I saw Ben-
nett falling backward, his throat
clutched by the precise hands of the
ex-policeman, who held on with a will,
having sprung upon him silently from
behind. The half-strangled man strug-
gled like a fiend, dealing me several
ugly kicks with his long legs as I at-
tacked him from the front. But the
odds were too many, and furthermore
he had been taken by surprise. In a
few moments he was overpowered, and
his hands and feet severely fastened.
Not a word had been uttered since the
commencement of the conflict, but now
Lance looked up and said in a stern
voice:

"Got the scoundrel at last—best
thing a policeman will do—go, sir,
or shall I?"

Here there was a three attempt to
free himself by the prostrate thief.

"Perhaps I'd better stop with him,"
continued Lance; "you'll get a constable
in a minute at the station."

Seizing my hat, I was off in a twink-
ling, and returned in double-quick
time to the bank, accompanied by a
staid member of the city police. A
few moments saw the policeman, my-
self and our chop-fallen prisoner march-
ing to the station.

GENEALOGICAL.

Hon. Joseph W. Porter, of Burling-

ton, Me., will soon publish a genealogi-
cal record of the Porter family, and
has favored us with advance sheets of
the work, in which we find the follow-
ing complete and interesting sketch of
the deceased pastor of the Union Church,
Rev. Jonas Perkins.

REV. JONAS PERKINS.

An Orthodox clergyman, born in North

Bridgewater, Mass., Dec. 15, 1790; son of

Joseph and Anna (Reynolds) Perkins;

the blacksmith, son of Joseph and Al-
lison (Edson) Perkins, born Dec. 9, 1762;

he a blacksmith, and son of Mark and
Dorothy (Whipple) Perkins, of Bridge-

water, born Jan. 4, 1727; he a black-
smith, and son of Luke and Martha
(Conant) Perkins, born Sept. 17, 1695,

of Plympton, Ipswich, Wenham, Bever-

ly, Marblehead, and Hampton, N. H.;
he a blacksmith, and probably
youngest child of Abner and Mary
Perkins, of Hampton, N. H., born
1664. He was a man of remarkable
industry and mechanical talent. Old
Capt. Thomas Thompson, the next
neighbor of his father, who made
spinning wheels, large and small, for cotton
and flax, for all the country around
about Bridgewater, used often to tell
that when "Jonas was just out of petti-
coats, all the little boys near his
father's house ran all sorts of mills, and
all sorts of gear were attached to im-
mense water wheels, which buzzed so
loud that no one could sleep in a windy
night." His father thought his son
wasted too much time, but when he be-
lieved that his "perpetual motion was
about to succeed," he gave up to the boy
to operate as much as he pleased.

In 1801, he inherited a power loom,
by which he wove his mother some towels
by turning a crank. His inven-
tions were the wonder of every one in
the vicinity of his home. In 1807, when
about to leave home, he packed his ma-
chinery in a barrel, making his mother
promise not to show it to anyone. Not
long after two very polite gentlemen
rode up in a nice chaise, and overper-
suaded him to show them the proofs of
his "perpetual motion." He finally consented,
and they spent nearly two hours in look-
ing it over. Years after, when she told
him of the time "she thought it took
them a good while." When in college,
he was called on by Mr. Slater, the great
manufacturer at Pawtucket, and talked
with him about the importance of such
a loom. After some conversation, dur-
ing which Mr. Slater asked him where
he lived, and the names of his parents,
Mr. Perkins began to declare that he
had accomplished the fact, and invented
a power loom; whereupon Mr. Slater
drew himself up to his full height, and
said, "Do you think you a little Yankee,
and do what all England has been try-
ing for centuries?" Upon this the young
man felt insulted, and left. Whether
Slater or some other man sent emissaries
to discover the secret of the invention
is not known; but Mr. Perkins always
said that the first power loom he saw
in operation had some of his own
handy attachments, he had on his
only because he had not the materials
he needed to employ any other," which
he estimated as proof positive that the
looms he saw were patterned directly
from his. He never applied for any
patent, because the country was in such

LITERATURE.

[For the Review.]

ONLY A DRUNKARD.

Passing the busy street, I saw a man,
Kept and dirty, tokens of self neglect,
Reeling from side to side, like a reeling
man, an object more of pity than respect.

And yet, small pity moved that gently throbs;
For when, at last, o'er-mastered by the cup,
The poor man fell, not one kind hand and strong,
Extended aid to help the fallen up.

Fathers were in that throng, hurrying home
To greet the loving wife, and take the boys
From school; and there would be a crowd
Where plenty waits, to quaff unsullied joys.

And mothers too, laden with gifts of gold;
Hugging the fall for fear that touch of him,
Prone in his filth and rage, should stain some fold
Of silk or satin, or some jewel dim.

And still the poor man, in his blind
placation, and I don't think that lock's
all right."

"Which lock, Lance?" said I.

"That drawer with the stumps,"

he said.

"Well, let us look again."

So saying, we both went to the counter
which contained the drawer, and Lance
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"Well, let's have Bennett up stairs
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